

# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 103 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST, 1800.  
WHOLE NUMBER EIGHTH, 1859.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

EDMUND DRAGON, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

What time the earliest blue-bird's mellow call  
Trilled wildly in the pauses of the storm,  
And low of kiss, impatience of the stall,  
From the keen blowing, past secure and warm—

The winter stood that morn with his wan hands  
Crossed o'er his dim eyes, gazing steadfastly  
Down the green sloping of the far south lands.  
To see the coming of Spring's heraldry—

The wild-birds dying up in dusky crowds,  
Scattering faint warbles on their airy track—  
Cleaving with glad wing the emerald winds;  
That fair, for beauty's sake, would woo them  
back.

Along the southern hills the maple woods,  
Taking the sunshine in a sweet embrace,  
Hang out victorious flags of crimson buds,  
Mocking the white in winter's dying face.

Or pale, with glory of young risen moons,  
The midnights walk the solemn slopes of sky;  
And chanting fragments of old summer tunes,  
The melancholy winds go wandering by.

Oh! bon-hearted champion of the year!  
Thy stormy music grieves and hollows all;  
Thy breezy arms in the woods we hear,  
We see thy cloudy banners on the hills!

Vex not the vanquished Winter with rude mirth;  
Much reverence to his white hair belongs!  
Oh, cover his torn grave with fragrant earth,  
And mock him not with thy triumphal songs!

Maryland, March 8, '59.

## Original Romance.

### THE CAVALIER. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,  
AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU," "DARLEY," "MARY  
OF BURGUNDY," "THE OLD DOMINION,"  
&c., &c., &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office  
of the District Court for the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

Night was falling fast, and the party of horsemen rode on at a quick pace, without ever drawing a rein. They went in somewhat military array, the man in the blue scarf and another well dressed cavalier leading the way. Behind them came a party of four, with a young lady in the midst, on whom two of the horsemen seemed to bestow much care and attention, one of them holding the bridle and the other steadyng her in the saddle, where the inequalities of the road, or the rapid rate at which they were proceeding, rendered her seat insecure. At the same time they continued to address her in words of comfort and assurance, telling her that no harm was intended her, that she would be perfectly well treated, and that a lady of the highest rank was awaiting to receive her with feelings of the utmost kindness and affection.

The poor girl replied not, seeming dismayed, and totally overwhelmed with her situation; but in the meantime a conversation was going on between the two persons at the head of the troop, of which she was the unconscious object.

"I don't like it at all," said the man in the blue scarf, "you had no business to do this. It is wrong in every respect; it must more or less delay us in our efforts to get back into the city, if it does not frustrate us entirely. Then, again, how is the matter to be explained, when the whole is investigated, as it certainly will be?"

"How are your own exploits to be explained, my lord?" asked the other, with a laugh; "although great allowance will be made, doubtless, for your high rank, yet a Prince of the blood royal turning cut-purse, is not easily accounted for."

"That will be explained in a moment," replied the other. "Cut off from the city with my small party, without a sou in our pockets, and obliged to find our way back somehow, money was absolutely necessary. Of course I intend to return it to the man as soon as I get to Paris."

"Well, well, you wanted the money," replied the other, "and I wanted the girl. Madame de Chevreuse may send her back again if she likes. All I know is that I promised to bring her if I could catch her, though one of the boys would have done as well, only they were as close to their mother there was no separating them."

"And, of course, you expect payment of some kind," said his companion.

"I hope for it, of the sweetest kind," replied the other, with a gay laugh; "but at all events, there is no use in talking about the matter any more. We have got the girl, and must keep her; for I suppose your highness is too gallant to turn her loose in these woods, even if I were inclined to suffer it."

His companion seemed, however, by no means satisfied, and rode sullenly on in silence, till they had quitted the forest at a point some eight miles distant from the spot at which Sir

Edward Langdale and his party had entered it. At the distance of about a mile further, where a pleasant little shady dell received the waters of the river which we have already mentioned, appeared a small hamlet, with a Gothic church on one side of the road and two or three houses on the other; and here one of the party proposed to stop for a few minutes and let the horses drink.

The light had not yet faded from the sky, and the clouds were still rosy with the sunset, so that when the gentleman in the blue scarf raised his eyes towards the slope which the road ascended, passing between the houses and the church, he could see distinctly two carts drawn up across the highway, with some bundles of fagots and poles joining either end of this unexpected barricade to the houses on one side and the wall of the church on the other.

He was obeyed at once; but evidently with reluctance, and one of the men ventured to say,

"Ah, Master Bernard, if we might but have given you one volley!"

"Would you kill your young lady, Jacques?" asked the other, reproachfully.

"You are right, sir, you are right," replied the other, "some of us might have hit her in this dull light."

"Here comes your master," said Bernard March, "these gentlemen have only got off in time," and making a sign to one of the men in the rear, he whispered a word to him, which seemed to have the effect of instantly sending away some five or six of the party.

"No thanks are needed, dear young lady," he answered. "It only required some sharp riding, and some knowledge of the roads, I saw these men at the beginning separate you further and farther from your mother, and soon divined that they had some object. My horse was ready behind the trees, and once on his back no horse in all France could catch me before I reached the chateau. I easily slipped away in the confusion, gathered some of the servants and tenants together, left word for the rest to follow, and came on here where I knew these people must pass if they took the way to Lucy Langdale was heard exclaiming—

"Oh, Master Bernard, help me, help me! These men are dragging me away, Heaven knows whither!"

"They will not drag you any further," replied Bernard March, in a cool tone, and then added, turning to the leader of the party, "Sir, you are to set this young lady immediately free. There is no use of making any struggle about it, for I have threethree times your number on the road before you, and Sir Edward Langdale and his men are not half a mile behind you."

"And who the devil are you, sir?" demanded the man in the blue scarf, taking off his mask; "and how dare you stop a Prince of the blood in this manner?"

"I am the devil of nobody, sir," answered the young man in the same calm tone, "but a gentleman of as good blood as any in the land. I know you, Monsieur le Duc de L——, and that you are what you state; but as for daring, I dare just as readily fire this pistol right into your face, as I dare fire it into the head of a spavined horse, when I find you engaged in such illegal and unworthy enterprises."

"May the devil seize you, Breteuil," said the Duke, turning to his companion. "I told you all how this would end."

"It is not ended yet," answered the other.

"No, gentlemen," said Bernard March, "it is not; but if you will take my advice, you will end it as soon as possible, for I hear Sir Edward's horses coming over the hill; and if he arrive, I shall have no power to make you the proposal I now do out of consideration for some of the members of the noble Duke's family, who have shown me kindness on former occasions. It is this, that you instantly put the young lady's bridle in my hand, and ride on as fast as you can go. I will order the barricade to be opened before you, and hope to have sufficient influence with Sir Edward to induce him not to pursue you. Only take my counsel, and the next time you feel inclined to carry off a young lady, who, I presume, is an heiress, do not lead her within two miles of her father's house. If you measure a bow and a string, you will always find the string the shortest."

"Ventre saint gris!" exclaimed the man who had been called Breteuil, "you are a mighty cool personage. I should like to know your name."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" cried the Duke, hearing the sound of horses' feet coming rapidly along the road. "Give the young lady up to him this instant and come on. We have your word that we shall pass safe, sir!"

"You have if you make haste," replied Bernard March, "but if you wrangle till Sir Edward Langdale comes up, I imagine you will be anything but safe; and the road is not very long from here to the Bastille."

As he spoke he passed the two leaders, and laid his hand on Lucy's bridle rein, adding, "be not afraid, dear young lady. This will all pass quietly: these gentlemen have no choice."

"Come on with us, sir, and tell the men to open the carts," said one of the men who had been riding by Lucy's side, "I would willingly teach you a lesson that you would not easily forget, stripling."

"Perhaps you might receive one!" replied Bernard March, with a laugh: "at all events I shall be glad to give you instruction whenever you want it," and then he added in a stern tone, as the man seemed inclined to linger; "ride on this instant, sir, or worse will come of it."

The whole party then advanced along the road, Bernard following, calmly leading Lucy's horse, and speaking to her in quiet and kindly tones. At the barricade the Duke de L——

and his companions saw that they had been in

a much more perilous condition than they imagined; for full thirty men, all carrying firearms, were assembled either behind the carts or in the church yard, and others were seen running down the road at full speed, as men too late at a general meeting. One word from Bernard March, however, caused a part of the barrier to be removed; but as the men behind still stood shoulder to shoulder he added in a voice of command,

"Let these gentlemen pass; the young lady is here, quite safe. Fall back, my men, I have promised them security."

He was obeyed at once; but evidently with reluctance, and one of the men ventured to say,

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Bernard March was about to retire also; but Sir Edward stopped him, holding out his hand.

"I owe you an imprudent debt; but it is not of this I want to speak, Master Bernard. You are not what you seem, yet far from me to intrude into your confidence. However, this much I may say. These men who played us so foul a trick this evening, are evidently of the highest rank. You spoke of giving one of them a lesson. If I understand you right, you will need some one to accompany you; and I hope you will ask no one but myself."

"Oh, no, Sir Edward," replied Master Bernard, "if the man falls in my way, I may chase him; but it is not worth my while or yours to risk our life in a pitiful quarrel with a gentleman of rank. Your life, my dear sir, is most valuable to your King and to your country. Unhappily the time for serving your present King is past for the present. It may come again—if not for him, for his successor; for I will not have great fears. Reserve yourself for that time, sir; and when it does come, count upon me as one of your most devoted followers. At present, neither of us can do anything."

He spoke in the tone of a Prince; and quietly pressing Sir Edward's hand, he left the room.

soon ago), we must suppose that favored spot to have been kept in more perfect order than any within our ken, or it could never have so worked upon the author of that matchless poem. My experience has found "the holy text," "to touch the rustic moralist to die," as corroded with mould or overgrown with weeds and briars as to be all incapable of fulfilling such a mission. If

"E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries!"

also; that it should fall upon ears so dull of hearing.

These treacherous, pathless, grass-grown graveyards were the terror of my childhood. The hearse, with its nodding plumes; the coffin, with lid screwed down so tightly; the long crepe streamers, and all the doleful paraphernalia of a funeral; all these brought the gentleman's conduct, that I hardly shun'd to let more courtesy restrain him any longer from inquiring into the real character of his guest.

But if Sir Edward rose early, there was another who had risen earlier. Master Bernard March was gone. A note was put into Sir Edward's hand; merely informing him that business of urgent importance required Master March's absence for a few days, but that he would return as soon as possible. The latter assurance was confirmed by the fact that the youth's saddle-bags, and much of his little store of apparel had been left in his room; and Sir Edward was obliged to wait in ignorance of much that had taken place.

In the meantime, however, it may be as well to follow the course of Master Bernard March after he left the gates of the chateau about break of day. At first he rode alone, quietly patting the neck of his fine charger, and talking to him as if the animal could understand and answer; but before he had gone a mile beyond the little hamlet where the barricades had been erected, two men on horseback rode up and joined him.

"Well, Archibald," said the young gentleman, returning their respectful salutation, "have you gained any news?"

"They certainly went towards Paris, sir,"

replied the man, "but I think you will most

probably find them somewhere about Gien or

Montargis; for they say there is likely to be a

battle soon in that quarter; and of course they

will be there.

"I don't know that," replied Master Ber-

nard, dryly; and rode on upon the road to

Paris, without further conversation. The two men followed at a quick but not very hasty pace, and from time to time the whole party stopped for a few minutes to refresh the horses, or to make some inquiries at a roadside inn. The result of these inquiries seemed a change of purpose; for when still some twenty miles distant from Paris, the young gentleman and his two companions took a road to the right, which led into that fine country now known as the department of the Seine and Loire.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

All the contents of THE POST are set up  
especially for it, and it alone. It is not  
a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

## TERMS, &amp;c.

The terms of THE POST are \$4 a year, if paid in ad-  
vance—\$5, if not paid in advance. "The first year's  
subscription must always be paid in advance. For \$6,  
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the money and names for a Club, may add new names to  
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When the sum is large, we shall be pleased to receive  
it in two or more installments, provided if you  
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amount. Address, DRAGON & PETERSON,

No. 129 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

**REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.**—We cannot  
undertake to return rejected communications. If the  
article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making  
a clean copy of.

## TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we  
may state that among the regular contributors to  
THE POST, are

G. F. H. James, Esq., Mary Howitt,  
author of *Richelieu*, Grace Greenwood,  
*Old Dominion*, &c.  
T. S. Arthur.  
Emma Alice Browne, Mrs. A. A. Denison,  
Author of "Letters from Paris."  
"My Last Cradle," &c.

The productions of many other writers of  
great celebrity are also yearly given, from the  
English and other periodicals. For instance,  
last year, we published articles from the pen of  
CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MU-  
LOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COL-  
LINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B.  
STOWE, THE AUTHOR OF "A Trap to Catch a  
Sunbeam," THE AUTHOR OF "The Red Court  
Farm," &c., &c., giving thus to our  
readers, the very best productions of the very  
best minds, either as written for THE POST, or  
as fresh selections—which course insures a  
greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than  
could possibly be attained in any other way.

The articles already engaged for the present  
year, from our special contributors, who  
write expressly for our columns, are—first and  
foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.  
(To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable  
expense to procure the very best talent for our  
readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay  
Mr. James for the above Novelist the sum of  
\$1,000.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in ac-  
cordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's  
high reputation enables him to command. We  
may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE  
EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELIST by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Se-  
ries. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——  
POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, Esq., &c.

In addition to the above and other original,  
and our usual selected stores of literary matter,  
we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful  
Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the  
Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interest-  
ing to all, and almost indispensable to country  
readers.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

The bill introduced by the English Ministry  
into the House of Commons, designed to ex-  
tend the exercise of the right of suffrage, seems  
to be fully as liberal as could have been ex-  
pected, especially from a Tory Ministry. In  
fact we doubt whether any other Ministry, ex-  
cept an avowedly radical one, would have gone  
so far—though such noblemen as Palmerston  
and Russell, being out of office, may profess  
that they would have gone much farther.

The qualifications required of voters by the  
proposed Act, may be briefly stated as fol-  
lows:—

Every male person of legal age, who shall be  
the owner of a property, whether in land or  
tenements, of the clear yearly value of two  
pounds, shall be entitled to vote. Calling two  
pounds ten dollars, this would represent, at a  
clear rental of three per cent., a property worth  
a little over three hundred dollars.

If the ownership in the property is merely a  
life estate, the clear yearly value must be five  
pounds, or twenty-four dollars, to entitle to a  
vote.

If a man shall not be an owner of property,  
but shall rent a house or piece of land for the  
sum of ten pounds, or \$48.00 a year, he shall  
be entitled to a vote.

If he shall not rent the whole house, but  
shall simply occupy a certain portion of it, he  
must pay a yearly rent of at least twenty  
pounds, or ninety-six dollars.

If a man has a yearly income of ten pounds  
from funds invested in the National loans, the  
stock of the Bank of England, &c., he shall be  
entitled to a vote.

If he shall have a deposit in a Savings  
Bank to the amount of sixty pounds, or two  
hundred and eighty-eight dollars, it will entitle  
him to a vote.

But even the above small property qualifica-  
tions are not required from every one—an ex-  
ception being made in the cases of those who  
from their peculiar employments are supposed  
to have more than the average information and  
intelligence. Thus the following classes are  
entitled to vote on their educational qualifica-  
tions:—Graduates of any of the Universities;  
ordained priests or deacons of the Church of  
England; officiating ministers, of other de-  
nominations; Rectors, and certified Praeli-  
cates and Conveyancers; Attorneys and Solli-  
citors;

lawyers; members of the Medical Profession; and  
Inhabitants holding a certificate from the  
Committee of Her Majesty's Council on Educa-  
tion.

The apportionment of the members of the  
House of Commons, among the different con-  
stituencies, seems, however, not to be much  
altered in the Ministerial bill. Fifteen double  
broughams are reduced by the bill to single  
memberships, and the fifteen so taken away  
are given to a few populous counties and cities.  
But if the representations made by Mr.  
Bright are correct, and we have little doubt  
that they are, this would seem to be dealing  
far too tenderly with this branch of the sub-  
ject. While it would be hardly consistent  
with the idea which underlies the British Con-  
stitution to arrange the representation with a  
single eye to numbers, we should think that a  
reasonable consideration of the claims of the  
large constituencies could hardly be avoided.  
As an Opposition, however, must have some  
thing to attack, it may have been the intention  
of the Ministry to frame the bill in such a man-  
ner as would allow them to yield something  
more, when demanded by the exigencies of the  
Parliamentary contest. We can hardly sup-  
pose that in respect to this part of the scheme,  
the bill embodies the ultimatum of the Minis-  
try. They will doubtless concede more, and any  
strong pressure, and make a merit of it.

In this country the principle of Universal  
Suffrage seems to be firmly established—not  
withstanding a few discrepancies in practice.

We have thought, however, in presenting the  
above abstract, that it might prove interesting  
to our readers, as showing how it is proposed to  
manage matters hereafter in England.

The GERMANIA TELEGRAPH.—Last week's  
number of the Telegraph opened its thirtieth  
volume—the first volume having been pub-  
lished twenty-nine years ago. Although we  
do not belong to the Editorial Union of this  
State, we may be allowed to congratulate our  
contemporary upon his success. The Telegraph  
is a very well edited paper, and although the  
military blood in its editor's veins sometimes  
paves a little too much for him, still, still a little  
fallibility in an editor, as in other distinguished  
characters, is often rather pleasing to his readers  
than otherwise, as proving him to be

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily (or weekly) food."

Success, therefore, to the Telegraph, and may  
its subscription list never grow less—but double  
itself with every succeeding volume.

The SOUTHERN TRADE DIRECTORY.—A nicely  
bound, compact trade directory of business  
houses in Philadelphia and New York, designed  
exclusively for Southern circulation, is in  
course of preparation by Mr. Butler of the lat-  
ter city. Properly speaking, it is a portable  
memoranda book, with advertisements on alter-  
nate pages. It is to be given away through the  
medium of Douglas's Mercantile Agency, and  
thus gratuitously circulated among the mer-  
cantile classes at the South, we should think  
it offers a good way of making one's business  
known in that region.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

J. T. K. Any of the booksellers who advertise  
in THE POST, would give you the information  
desired much better than we could.

ENQUIRIES. It seems that the lady being a  
"little slow" about answering his letters, he was a  
little quick at taking offence—this appears to be  
the case and substance of the case. Let him write  
again, saying he was over hasty, and asking whether  
it would displease her to have the corre-  
spondence reopened. As to his fear of being re-  
fused at last, that is of no consequence whatever.  
If she gives him sufficient reason to believe that he  
will be accepted, let him propose. Then, if she  
accepts him, it is all right; and if she rejects him,  
he has been mistaken as to the sincerity and  
nobleness of her character, and is well rid of her.  
No man should be ashamed of being refused, who  
has been encouraged to the point of making a pro-  
posal—the shame is with the desirer, not the de-  
sired.

AMERICAN. It is generally held that the place  
of birth determines the nativity. For instance, if  
a child is born in France during the temporary  
residence of his parents, who are American citi-  
zens, in that country, it would be held by most  
that he is by birth a Frenchman. We incline, how-  
ever, ourselves, a little to the opinion of the Irish  
man, who said, "An' sure if a man were born in  
a stable, it would not prove he was a horse." Con-  
sequently, this purges the film from our eyes,  
and restores to us "old Fairy Land's" miracu-  
lous show." Every reader will be charmed  
with its weird and tender beauty.

Like the rapping of a file after this massie  
of old-Land, are the heroic and statistics of Mr.  
Peter Stout, Late Vice-Consul, in his *Near-  
ous, Past, Present and Future*, (John K. Poter,  
Philadelphia.) What could have induced  
Mr. Stout, after writing such a book, to add the  
superfluous folly of publishing it, one is at a  
loss to imagine! Exquisite rhodomante and  
fusitan it is, at any rate. How reliable is  
its information, we know not; but there can  
be no doubt about its indiscriminate massacre  
of the English language. Mr. Stout has an  
evident bias against the English Government,  
but why extend his animosity to the English  
tongue? Not the least singular and per-  
plexingly ungrammatical of his sentences is  
one on p. 362, where he sets himself up in judg-  
ment (precious critic that he is!) on Judge  
Wilson's History of the Spanish Conquest.—  
The style and diction of this book make it  
positively a curiosity.

Mr. F. W. Evans's *SHAKERS AND SHAKERISM*

(Appleton & Co., New York,) gives a good  
compendious account of the origin, history,  
life and doctrines of these strange and worthy  
Communists. But while the saints of New  
Lebanon eschew marriage entirely, the sinners  
of New York cultivate it to the extent of estab-  
lishing Matrimonial Brokerage Offices; and of  
his curious and amusing adventures in making  
the tour of these, a reporter of the New York  
Press has given us no record in his book on  
Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis.—  
(Thatcher & Hutchinson, New York.) The  
adventure with the notorious Mrs. Cunningham  
in the last part of this volume, sounds, we must  
think, rather Munchausenish; yet it may be true,  
and if true, it is, casta a new and rather  
ominous light on her character.

B. L. A. We do not wonder that your astrono-  
mical lecture—demonstrating that the earth does  
not turn on its axis—should have surprised your  
audience. Your reference to Scripture—to

Joshua, Second Kings, Isaiah, &c.—no doubt are  
very convincing, but we do not, you know, touch  
disputed Scriptural points in THE POST.

There are other people, however, of your way of thinking  
in the world—for instance, a wealthy old gentle-  
man in the neighborhood of this city. He does  
not rely so much upon the Scriptural argument,  
as upon the fact that if he leaves a bucket of water  
stand out in the yard over night, the water is all  
there in the morning—and he argues that this  
could not be, if the common belief that everything  
turned upside down once in twenty-four hours  
were correct. In reference to these matters  
we may say, that "if seeing is believing," the sun  
certainly does rise in the east, and set in the west,  
while the earth remains perfectly stationary.  
And if a vote were taken of all mankind upon this  
subject, doubtless the men of your way of thinking  
would be in a large majority—and you know  
that the politicians say, "Vox Populi vox Dei,"  
which may be freely translated, "What everybody  
says must be true." For ourselves, we acknow-  
ledge that we hold to the common belief of the  
astronomical world—faith being, we suppose, quite  
an influential element in our composition. Certain  
men whom we know to be learned and wise having  
investigated this and other matters, we are dis-  
posed to believe what they tell us—especially  
when we see eclipses, &c., coming to pass accord-  
ing to their predictions made months and years  
before. By the way, doubtless our correspond-  
ent also can easily forecast an eclipse—a man who  
is wise enough to correct the astronomical world in  
the most important matters, of course is fully  
equipped to do it.

C. H. M. Already guessed. We do not think

your conundrum is as good as ours, though of  
course we have a natural partiality for our own

bastardings. When you get to be an editor, you too

will have the privilege of printing your own bad  
conundrums, and refusing other people's. That

will probably be your grain of sweet in a peck of sour

sour.

"My dear," said Tom's wife the other day,  
"what shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"One of your smiles," replied Tom, who al-  
ways got a smack in the city; "I can dine on

that every day."

"But I can't," replied the wife.

"Then take this," and he gave her a  
kiss and went about his business. He returned  
to dinner. "This is an excellent guess; what did you pay for it?" said he.

"Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure,"

replied the wife. "You did!" exclaimed he.

"Then you shall have the money the next time

you go to market."

J. B. C. We judge the "Handbook of Criminal  
Law" to be a work designed for the legal profes-  
sion. It probably has not been reprinted in this  
country. Any Philadelphia bookseller probably

would import it for you.

J. Y. Perhaps so, but if we are not mistaken,

tables of statistics are about as uninteresting to the

general reader as anything could well be.

Inscrivere. We know nothing, one way or the  
other, about the concern in question.

BOARD or HAZARD.—The number of deaths

during the past week in this city was 183—

Adults 61, and children 122.

What now do you prefer?" Oso answers,

"What now?" "What Post?" Oso answers,  
"Being a Roman Catholic, Pope." "In what age  
of the world would you have rather lived?" Oso says—  
probably being no better than he ought to  
be, and concluding that he likes to "steel knife."  
"The dark ages." Oso, we judge, is a little  
fool of joking—a bad practice, unless done well.

Yours. You may well be pardoned for being  
dug up so easily, when crowds of those of mater-  
nal years are dug up every day. Anything is termed  
"now-a-days" which is simply gilt—and

which, in the older times, was called gilt.

For instance, take a set of common shirt studs, made  
of some metal, and put them on an extremely  
fine plate of gold, by the galvanic process, and  
you have "a beautiful set of gold shirt-studs,  
worth one dollar," the real cost of which was about  
six cents. And with gold rings, gold pencils,  
etc. To make a "splendid breast pin, worth two  
or three dollars"—you take a piece of colored  
glass, and insert it in a frame prepared like the  
shirt studs—whose cost probably at least ten cents.

A. S. H. Our greatest objection to the beard's  
growing entirely on the lower part of the face,  
is that it makes it more difficult to judge of a  
man's character. The lines and shape of the  
mouth and chin are apt to be greatly affected by a  
man's moral principles, and his course in life. We  
have met men again and again, and never seen  
as to what they were, simply because of the hair  
on the lower part of the face. With some, we have  
been tempted to say, Off with that hairy mask,  
that we may see what you are. For this reason,  
we do not think it tyrannical in certain English  
Bank Directors, to forbid their clerks, &c., to let  
their beards grow. We grant that the argument  
in favor of the beard, drawn from the simple fact  
of nature's having given it, is an almost unavoidable  
one—this argument though would not pre-  
vent the trimming of the beard when it has  
reached a moderate length, but simply its entire  
shaving off. For instance, having hair on the head,  
it should be allowed to stay there, and not be shaved off as some nations do, to the  
very scalp—but this does not prevent our  
keeping it of a reasonable length. And this is  
merely in accordance with the general principle,  
that naught that is natural is to be extirpated,  
but to be regulated.

Coming from the bosom of old  
mother Earth.

and mark of my drunkenness—the genius of the poet mastered me—almost sobered me. I read the lines again. They still recited somewhat, but I felt my way down them, and again my heart thrilled faintly to their exquisite melody and majestic sweep of thought.

"When I left the restaurant, I stole the old newspaper, and took it home with me.

"I woke late the next morning, to find that of the events of the preceding night I could distinctly recall nothing, except the little incidents of the poem. The *Damocles* had taken root in my heart. I found the old newspaper in my pocket—read the lines, and found them all the more beautiful considered by day-light and 'color second thought.'

"There was no name attached to the poem—I had no idea who was the author. I cut it out, and put it in my Scrap-book, where I treasured it up for several years.

"A summer or two ago, being at Boston, and in at Ticknor's, I took up a volume of Lowell's poems—a blue and gold edition, and opening at random, my eye fell first on some lines 'To a Damocles.' It was 'mine ancient!' The little mystery was solved—and at last, I knew who to thank for a great pleasure.

"I bought the book, for the poem's sake,—but when honorably fathered and sumptuously apparelled, that was no dearer to me than had been the dirty little foundling of the restaurant."

Moral:—Good wine needs no bush—good poetry no gilding.

I wish I could add a more moral moral. I should really like to be able to say that the chance reading of that noble poem, wherein the commonest of wayside flowers is transfigured, till it leaves a sweeter and more glowing impression on the mind, than on the senses the most fragrant of violets, and sumptuous of roses—redeemed that young man—divorced him from the wine-cup for ever. It may have done all that, but I don't know it;—and as I am not writing a temperance tract, or a Sunday School Memoir, I will n't stick to the facts, as they have come to me.

As the Winter was a monster, born with all his teeth, like Richard of Gloucester—so Spring comes to us breathing the sweetness, crowned with the sunlight of Summer. It is a marvelous unseasonable season. The Sun hangs fondly over Earth, caressing her with light—and Earth yearns back, in the tender green of the grass, in swelling buds, in the still smile of valley lakes and the happy murmur of mountain brooks.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

As youcos the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years.  
There above the little grave,  
Oh, there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.

—Tennyson.

God gives riches to asses, to whom he cannot give anything else.—*Martin Luther*.  
We heard a man call another man an extortioner the other day, for suing him a day or two before. "Why, friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed,—how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

A gentleman who was admiring the spirited manner in which Miss Davenport played the part of Peg Woffington, was told that she resided at Lynn, celebrated for the manufacture of shoes. "Ah!" that accounts, "he exclaimed, "for her success. It might be expected that a Peg with a great sole should come from Lynn."

SENTIMENTAL YOUTH.—"My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?"

PRACTICAL GIRL.—"How large is your lot, sir?"

AN UNIVERSAL FAVORITE.—Generally, an universal fool, or else an universal humbug.—*Punch*.

Both religion and philosophy demand energy of will and calmness of judgment, and without these two conditions united, there can be neither justice nor dignity, nor any fixed principles.—*Silvio Pellico*.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular they don't get married."

To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.

Do you remember the story of Frederick the Great and the sentinel, on the very cold winter night? "Why don't you smoke?" the King, incognite, says. "Against orders; I mustn't," sentinel replied. "Oh, but you may; I give you leave." "Can't help it; I will bear you harmless; I am the King." What does the sentinel answer to this? "The King be —," he replied; "what would my Captain say?" Moral:—Always obey your immediate superior.

Mr. Samuel Rogers's second volume of poems lost the banking-house one of its richest clients. The gentleman incontinently withdrew his money from the custody of a firm, one of whom was openly and unabashedly addicted to—rhyming. "Sir," affirmed he, when remonstrated with, "if I knew that my banker had ever said a good thing, I would close my account with him the next morning." To have written such, and in verse, too, was in his eyes almost a declaration of insolvency.

According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is too generally the client, and not the lawyer, "who puts his foot in it."

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

A DELUGE OF PAMPHLETS.—FIRST FRUITS OF INTER-VENTIONIST POLICY.—THE NEW CAUCUS.—AN UN-POPULAR PAIR.—HOW A COSMOPOLITAN MINISTER BECOMES AN ENGLISHMAN, AN UPHOLDER OF THE HOUSE OF BOURBON, AND AN INITIATOR OF KING HENRY VIII.

Paris, February 24, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The main "feature" of the past week has been the numerous pamphlets on the subject of "the situation" which have appeared here in rapid succession; some against, others in favor of, the "upset-policy" of his Majesty the Emperor in regard to Austria, Italy, and the world in general. But although anonymous pamphleteers, writers of editorials (moved thereby by reiterated circulars unwillingly addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the various Prefects, exhorting them to induce the journalists to "support the honor of France, and the views of the Emperor"), still put forth arguments and exhortations in favor of the Imperial policy, the mass of the people is opposed to all idea of war. It is felt that the country is in urgent need of repose, of friendly relations with its neighbors; that it cannot stand the pressure of war except at a cost by no means easily borne; and that everything will be "at sixes and sevens" in domestic affairs, if war be entered upon, no matter what may be its pretext.

The heavy failures in Lyons, Orleans, and other important commercial centres, consequent on the anxiety and stagnation produced by the dread of war, are well known, despite the silence maintained on the subject by the French press; and it is felt that these catastrophes are but the prelude to the wider ruin that must follow a conflict with a Power like Austria, armed to the teeth, and resolute in the assertion of traditional right, and the "possession" guaranteed to her by treaties. But notwithstanding the opposition of all classes of the people, and the addresses sent in by the principal provincial centres, the Emperor seems to be in no hurry to change his course. The utmost activity is reported as prevailing in all the arsenals and dockyards of the country; and the new artillery devised by the Emperor, or credited to him, is being manufactured with the greatest possible haste. It is said that the cannon, guns, and rifles, manufactured on the new system, will carry their deadly charge to a distance, and with a precision of range, such as has never been dreamed of by the artillery-men of past days. New forms of war-boats, amply provided with the means of hurling certain destruction at enemies many miles off, while their crews are protected against the possibility of harm, are understood to be in course of construction in immense numbers; while stores of ammunition are being collected on an enormous scale, and horses are being purchased in such numbers that the Government stables are unable to receive them.

Prince Napoleon being considered, rightly or wrongly, to be the "leading spirit" of the war-party here, is just now about as unpopular as a man can be; and the demands for additional "dotations" for himself and his wife, recently brought forward, and just passed by the Senate, are regarded with extra displeasure in consequence. In fact, if the poor little Princess who has just been "wooded and won" with such ungrified haste, be at all aware of the real feeling with which the recent alliance between her family and that of the Emperor is regarded by the French people, she would very naturally wish herself safe back in her father's Court. She is, meantime, made much of by the other members of the Imperial family; is shown the "lions" of the capital by her sharp-featured and bald-headed father-in-law, who has fitted up for her a beautiful little chapel, opening out of her bedroom: the young wife of one of the most thoroughly and ignobly dissipated middle aged Frenchmen who have been collected on an enormous scale, and horses are being purchased in such numbers that the Government stables are unable to receive them.

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The Abbe Bernier was accordingly instructed to resume the interrupted negotiations; the Cardinal, at his request, drawing up a memorandum of the points demanded by Rome. This memorandum, read and commented upon its margin by Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, was laid before the First Consul. The debates now went on in earnest, and in the stormiest manner, neither party being willing to yield a jot of its pretensions; but on the eve of the day appointed for the close of the negotiations, a compromise appeared to be agreed upon, and the Abbe Bernier was empowered to sign the concordat in the name of the French Government, the three papal agents signing for the Pope.

On the following day the contracting parties met at the house of Joseph Bonaparte for the signing of the treaty. A short note in the *Moniteur* of that morning had announced the happy termination of the affair.

The plenipotentiaries having exchanged the usual civilities, seated themselves round the table. Joseph Bonaparte, as the brother of the First Consul, claimed the right of being the first to sign. But the Cardinal, as representing the Pope, demanded that this honor should be accorded to him; and Joseph courteously yielded the point.

The Abbe Bernier had brought two copies of the treaty. Contrary to ordinary usage, these copies were not collated, and the Abbe offered one of them to the Cardinal, requesting him to append his signature to it. Gonsalvi glanced at the first few lines of this document, and perceived that this treaty, thus presented for his signature, was wholly unlike the arrangement which had been consented to by both parties on the preceding day; and a more lengthened examination of the document showed him that it contained numerous provisions which had been already absolutely refused by the Pope.

A proceeding of such a character," says Gonsalvi, in his memoirs, "incredible, but really attempted, paralysed my hand. Laying down the pen with which I had been about to sign, I expressed my surprise, and declared plainly that I could not accept this treaty on any terms."

Driven to extremities, the Abbe at length confessed, with much confusion and stammering, that the concordat had been changed, or the express orders of the First Consul.

What was to be done? Bonaparte was to give, that very evening, a grand official dinner, at which the negotiators were to assist; and at which the chief of the Government was himself to announce the conclusion of the concordat.

The discussions were at once resumed by the plenipotentiaries. Bonaparte, on learning the state of affairs, fell into a violent fury, and tore to pieces a new draught, prepared by the Abbe,

and embodying the modifications demanded by Gonsalvi. In the evening, as soon as Bonaparte perceived the Cardinal, he went up to him, exclaiming,

"Eh bien! Monsieur le Cardinal, you wish to break off negotiations? Well, so be it. I have no need of Rome, I will act for myself. I have no need of the Pope. If Henry VIII., who had not the twentieth part of my power, was able to change the religion of his country, I can do so still more easily; and do it I will. If I change the religion of France, I shall change the religion of half Europe; Rome will see the losses she will have brought upon herself; she will weep over her blunder, but it will then be too late. You may take yourself off at once; it is the best thing you can do. You have wished for a rupture; very well, be it so, since you desire it. When will you set out?"

"After dinner, General," replied the Cardinal, with the utmost calmness.

Such is the version of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, respecting the drawing up of the famous Concordat.

As we know, however, the Cardinal did not leave. The negotiations were resumed, and after many stormy scenes, provoked by the Cardinal's resistance, the plenipotentiaries completed the arrangement which secured France the existence of a national church.

QUANTUM.

## COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS AS THEY ARE

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I know that from time immemorial it has been customary to view country graveyards through a halo of traditional and sentimental beauty, and that it is looked upon as almost a mortality to interfere with this opinion, that people choose wilfully to cherish in opposition to the evidence of their senses. If impressions gathered in the village churchyard of Stoke Pogis did call forth Gray's Elegy (which, like every other literary fact, is doubted in the present age), we must suppose that favored spot to have been kept in more perfect order than any within our ken, or it could never have so worked upon the author of that matchless poem. My experience has found "the holy text," "to touch the rustic moralist to die," as crowded with mould or overgrown with weeds and briars as to be all incapable of fulfilling such a mission. If

"Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries—"

also! that it should fall upon ears so dull of hearing. These treeless, pathless, grass-grown graveyards were the terror of my childhood. The hearse, with its nodding plumes; the coffin, with lid screwed down so tightly; the long grape streamers, and all the doleful paraphernalia of a funeral; all these brought the painful feelings that they will produce in the childhood heart; but all these, and even the sight of the sad-visaged undertaker, who accomplished his business in the most proper manner, and then managed to eat such a hearty dinner when all was over, were as nothing to the horrors that crowded around that lonesome, dreary burying-ground, where the thick, unshaded grass sprouted over the wild flowers that would have decked the place in common with the surrounding hills and meadows. The fine old trees—the very glory of the place—were doomed to the axe, lest, perchance, they should make the place damp, as though dampness could affect the comfort of those quiet sleepers beneath their six feet of earth.

Both the Abbe Bernier was accordingly instructed to resume the interrupted negotiations; the Cardinal, at his request, drawing up a memorandum of the points demanded by Rome. This memorandum, read and commented upon its margin by Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, was laid before the First Consul. The debates now went on in earnest, and in the stormiest manner, neither party being willing to yield a jot of its pretensions; but on the eve of the day appointed for the close of the negotiations, a compromise appeared to be agreed upon, and the Abbe Bernier was empowered to sign the concordat in the name of the French Government, the three papal agents signing for the Pope.

I remember a great desire that I used to cherish in my childhood days, that I might be buried—in case I died—in our own garden, and how I used to almost screw my courage up to the point of making such a request of my mother, but as I was very doubtful as to whether it would be granted, my mother having a great respect for forms and precedents, and a holy horror of anything sentimental or heathenish, I saw nothing before me but that dreadful graveyard, and could only take comfort in the thought that I had a strong constitution, and was not at all like those good little girls that always die young.

I do not believe there ever was any systematic arrangement for keeping our graveyard in order. Farmer A—— would probably notice in passing, that the fence had a weak place in it, and on the following Sabbath would mention the fact to some of the brethren, when an arrangement would be made for each sending a man, others furnishing boards and nails, on Monday, to repair it. Some one would probably remark at the time that an entirely new fence was needed. Yes, that was true enough, but it was a very busy season just now, and people couldn't be expected to neglect their own interests, and go hunting up work that, after all, did no one any good; in the spring, when they were not so "thronged," it might be attended to. But each season brought its own special work, and this would be put off and forgotten, until perhaps one of these really excellent but narrow-minded men would be recalled to his duty by finding a drove of cattle pasturing on his mother's grave. Then a new fence would be made, briars and weeds torn away, the long grass mown, and the fallen tombstones restored to their natural position. This improvement would be very manifest for a little while, but no permanent fund had been set aside, nor committee appointed to attend to this matter, and the old order of things soon became paramount. We have all felt the force of the saying, "What is everybody's business, is nobody's." Clearly it was the business of every one who had ever lost a friend, or who expected to die himself, to do his share in beautifying the burial ground, but every one shirked the duty, nevertheless.

This is a subject that I cannot but feel strongly upon, the mortal remains of those very dear to me are lying hundreds of miles away, in one of these neglected spots. Neat houseswives, some of them, whose dwellings were always "tidy up," and in whose well-kept yards and gardens weeds were a thing unknown.

The discussions were at once resumed by the plenipotentiaries. Bonaparte, on learning the state of affairs, fell into a violent fury, and tore to pieces a new draught, prepared by the Abbe, and addressed a letter containing an elaborate project for the rescue of the simple-minded king from the shares of the revolutionists, who were preparing to take him in their toils; he offered to deliver the king from the impending ruin, provided he were placed in command of the

impression it makes upon the mind, is one of perfect repose. The graves are distinguished only by square slabs of marble or granite, and frequently almost covered by the ever-living, quick-spreading periwinkle, giving them a look of life in the dead of winter. I do not know a more charming spot for a twilight walk than this burial ground—this place that truly deserves the appellation of "God's Acre," for in thus cherishing the mortal remains of the dead, and bringing them nearer to the living, much of the supernatural feeling too apt to cluster about such places, is lost sight of.

All honor to this admirable people who show such honor to their dead!

M. M. M.

## NEWS ITEM.

LARGE EGG.—Mr. John H. Curran, of this borough, laid on our table, last Wednesday morning, a goose egg, of the following dimensions, viz.: thirteen inches in girth the long way, and nine inches the other; and weighing nine ounces. *New York Evening Star.* "Do we understand the *Star* that John 'laid' the egg?"

A SWAN FEAST.—A gathering in North Chester, Vermont, of two or three weeks since, offered as a prize a copy of Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* to one of the visitors, in all the public schools in town who should "spell all the others down." Seven scholars were respectively represented, and about a dozen teachers and parents were present. The judges were a committee of speculators, who were seated when the trial took place on the 25th ult. But one trial had to be held on a word, and the unfortunate who missed must take his seat. Eighty scholars competed for the honor, and after five hours' trial, five pupils remained standing, and the enthusiastic audience soon raised the needed sum to purchase a copy of the great *Unabridged*.

UNARMED.—A gentleman in Cincinnati, a few days since, emptied his pockets of a parcel of letters and papers which he had accumulated there and buried them. The next morning he discovered that among them was one containing \$500 in bills which he had intended for the *Princess*.

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## THE PAGE AND THE PRINCESS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

## PART II.

Caroline, the first wife of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was both beautiful and intelligent; but nevertheless, not perfect; and whispers soon became rife at Court, that she had looked with marked favor upon a certain handsome young page; who, presuming upon her protection, took the liberty of attempting to leave the country without the sanction of his sovereign. The motive of his thus seeking to absent himself at a time when his rank and his ambition may be supposed to have been little gratified, was never known; though it was afterwards surmised that his courage did not altogether equal his personal advantages, and that he was apprehensive of the results of an affair so delicate and dangerous as that in which he found himself involved. He left as it might, thus much at least is certain, that he had already reached the frontier, and had nearly completed his supper, when a peach was placed before him on a plate of curious old china, beneath which he found a small scroll of paper, wherein were written the words, "Return, or tremble!"

He returned.

Seemly, however, had he regained the capital, when he saw upon his dressing-table a magnificent vase of cut and colored glass; and while in the act of examining this new bauble, and wondering whence it could have come, a second scroll, similar to the first, dropped at his feet, which being unrolled, he found to contain a new warning. On this occasion it bore the injunction, "Depart, or tremble!"

Vacillating between these two opposite commands, the young man resolved to explain the mysterious circumstance to his royal mistress—to explain to her the peril in which he stood, and to solicit her advice. Its nature may be surmised by the fact that the youth made no further attempt to leave the Court.

Rumor asserts that, about this time, a Prince—*we will not guess at his identity*—paid a visit to the father of the audacious page, and laid before him sundry letters, papers, and love-tokens, tending to implicate the wife of the one and the son of the other; and that when the miserable parent had read them from end to end, his visitor said sternly, "Pronounce the sentence of the culprit." The lips of the wretched father quivered spasmodically, but he could not articulate a syllable; and, meanwhile, the clear cold eye of the outraged husband remained fixed upon him.

They were standing beside the wide hearth, upon which blazed a huge fire of pine-wood; and at length the modern Brutus grasped with trembling fingers one of the hand irons which chanced to be within his reach, and traced in the ashes several letters. The word thus written commenced with a *D*, and was terminated by an *s*. The sentence was tacitly pronounced. The Prince bent for a few seconds over the ill-formed character—for the muscles of the writer had proved less firm than his purpose—and then, with a cold hand of the head, he strode from the room and left the house.

A council was convened, at which were assembled all the principal personages of the state, and several of the relatives of the Princess. The condemnatory documents were produced and read; and as they were conclusive of the guilt of both parties, each individual was invited to pronounce sentence upon the accused. The first who replied to the appeal declared for a divorce; but a near kinsman of the erring wife vehemently opposed what he affirmed to be an ill-judged and dangerous act of lenity. "Her death alone," he exclaimed, "can save the honor of the Prince. There is no other alternative." His opinion was adopted; and the council had no sooner broken up than the same individual who had endeavored to save the life of the guilty woman, hastened to apprise her of the fate with which she was menaced, and to entreat that she would save herself by flight: offering at the same time to assist her escape that very night, if she would solemnly pledge herself never again to see the rash young man by whose imprudence she had been compromised, and to remain during the remainder of her life a self-constituted prisoner in a castle in Scotland, where he could insure her a refuge.

As she rejected both these conditions with haughty displeasure, the interview was abruptly terminated by her chivalrous visitor, who, although he had been willing to risk his own life in order to save that of his fair but frail mistress, could not contemplate without disgust her steady perseverance in vice, even under circumstances so threatening as those by which she was surrounded. "Pardon me, madame," he said coldly, as he prepared to leave the room: "I intruded myself in the hope of rendering service to a repentant woman; but I have no help to offer to one who glories in her sin." Unhappily for herself, she did not recall him.

The room occupied by the page was situated on the highest story of the palace, at the termination of a long gallery which was repeated on every floor to the foundation of the building. It was necessary that he should traverse this gallery in order to gain a back staircase by which he was accustomed to reach the private apartments of the Princess; and his destruction was consequently easy. On each floor, and precisely on the same spot, four boards were removed, thus forming a wide opening, which terminated only above the chamber of his royal mistress. The upper gallery, into which his own room opened, was never lighted; an arrangement which had hitherto been a subject of congratulation to both parties, as it rendered his movements less likely to excite observation; and one upon which they had frequently congratulated themselves. He had, therefore, been long accustomed to grope his way in the darkness; and—then much pleased—he could readily anticipate the sequel. The wretched page, unacquainted of the fate which impended over him, and so familiar with his path that he needed no lamp to guide his footsteps, sprang across the threshold of his chamber without one misgiving, as the last sounds of life died away in the corridors of the palace, and the deep silence of midnight set-

tied over its dim halls and passages—three bounds, and his foot met no resistance—down, down, headlong, from floor to floor, fell the bold and ambitious boy who had dared to raise his eyes to the wife of his sovereign—down, down, until he met with one slight obstacle in his descent, so slight that it failed beneath his weight, and only served to render his suffering more acute. The planks which formed the ceiling of the Princess's apartment had not been removed, lest the circumstance might distract her notices, and thus exalt her suspicions. But they were so skilfully sawn through that they hung merely by a few fibers; and he had therefore no sooner struck upon them than they yielded beneath the sudden pressure; and the blooming page, with his blue eyes, his cloud of sunny hair, his ruby lips, and his graceful limbs, fell, a shapeless and ensanguined mass, at the feet of the royal lady who was awaiting him.

The Princess was borne to her bed insensible. The screams of her attendants aroused the other inmates of the palace, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The accident appeared so inexplicable that even horror was partially swallowed up in astonishment; although there were a few among the spectators who looked gloomily upon each other, like men disposed to seek a deeper and darker solution of the mystery than they cared to acknowledge. There was, however, one individual of more nerve and presence of mind than those about him, who undertook to explain the cause of the frightful tragedy by asserting that, beyond all doubt, the dry rot had destroyed the timbers of the palace; and, in accordance with this opinion, all the galleries on that side of the building were closed, on the pretense that they were too dangerous for use until the flooring had been relaid.

The public were satisfied with this explanation—let us not quarrel with their credulity.

The Princess was no sooner restored to consciousness, than she thoroughly appreciated the peril of her position. To whom could she apply for help? In whom dare she confide? Those were questions which she asked herself until her heart heaved almost to bursting, and her brain reeled; but the minutes were growing into hours, and something must be done. After mature reflection she at length resolved to confide in her first waiting woman, to whom she had been an indulgent and munificent mistress—Gemonde was bound to her by a thousand obligations; alike in sorrow and joy she had shown her a ready sympathy; she had never wounded her feelings by a harsh word or a disdainful gesture; and the more she dwelt on the idea, the more she assured herself that on this woman depended her safety. From her she could not apprehend iniquawarmess, and scorned to dream of treachery.

Anxiously, as it appeared, was her trust rewarded; the favorite attendant, throwing herself at the feet of her august mistress, thanked her with tears and sobs for so marked and honorable a proof of her confidence; and one which, as she declared, was rendered doubly valuable from the circumstance of her having a brother whose best ambition it would be to serve so illustrious a lady; and who, being attached to the police of the city, and in constant correspondence with its numerous agents, could easily secure her escape.

The Princess had no sooner received this assurance than she decided on leaving the palace at an hour past midnight, by a subterranean passage with which her attendant was familiar; and which, traversing alike the ancient vaults and the modern cellars, terminated beneath the foundations of a house outside the city walls, where a carriage was to be in readiness to facilitate her flight. Confident of the practicability of this scheme, and, in consequence, no longer apprehensive of personal violence, Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, having secured in a small casket her gold and diamonds, (the proceeds of which would enable her to live in comfort, if not actually in affluence, in another land,) sat down with the chosen companion of her projected flight to weep over the frightful death of the ill-fated young whom she had by her own frailty, consigned to an early and dishonored grave; and she was still thus occupied when her husband sent an inquiry if she could receive him in her apartments.

Consulting only her passion, and the pride which she had allowed to subside when it might have shielded her from disgrace, she refused the interview; and, drawing her desk towards her, she addressed to him perhaps the most ill-judged and dangerous note which a woman, circumstanced as she was at that moment, ever ventured to write to one of her ushers, exclaiming, breathlessly,

"I bring you sorrowful news—in a few days we shall be in mourning for the hereditary Princess!"

"Who told you that all was so nearly over?" eagerly inquired his listeners.

"Gemonde, her Highness's favorite woman, who has scarcely left the bedside of her ill-fated mistress. I met her not ten minutes ago, half-mad with grief. You all know how she loved the Princess; and the sight of her sufferings had been more than she could bear. They are, she says, so violent and so acute, that nothing short of a miracle can enable her to endure them for another hour. Every one is up in the palace, and the citizens are already astir in the town. The Duke has locked himself into his apartment and refuses to be seen by any one. I only trust that he may not sink under the blow."

And still she stood there and listened—she whose last chance of life had been the good faith of the treacherous follower by whom she was thus betrayed—listened until the voices hushed in her ears, and strange lights danced before her dilated eyes. Once she strove to shriek out an appeal for help, but her parched tongue refused its office, and she only emitted a gurgling sob, which died away in her throat. Paralyzed with terror, she was unconscious of a muffled sound which gradually approached. There were heavy, but cautious, footfalls in the deep sand which formed the flooring of the vault, but she heard them not. Her whole being was absorbed in the conversation which was going on beside her, although she was no longer able to comprehend its nature, when suddenly she felt herself seized by two robust arms, and dragged violently away from the iron-barred window that connected the vault with the kitchen. Vainly did she struggle in the grasp of her captors; her cry for assistance awoke no response as it died away in the depths of the subterraneans along which she was hurried, in dull and mocking echoes.—Without respect either for her sex or for her rank, she was flung rudely to the ground, and her hands and feet secured with cords. Wildly she prayed for mercy; called upon her family, and even upon her husband to save her; she was far removed from human aid. Vainly she sought to bribe her tormentors.

On emerging from the dual apartments, accompanied by her jealous attendant, she descended a back staircase; and then proceeded along a stone passage which, running parallel with the offices, received its only light from apertures perforated in its walls at certain and infrequent intervals, that enabled her to distinguish the voices of the cooks and scullions who were, even at that hour, preparing for the

repast of the following day. So clearly, indeed, did they meet her ear, that she might even have overheard their conversation, had she not been absorbed by the engrossing nature of her own situation.

This first passage traversed, several others presented themselves, which it was necessary either to cross or to pass; but the careful waiting woman had possessed herself, by some stratagem, of a handful of keys, of which she made rapid and effective use, until, in fitting one of them into the lock of an inner door that opposed their progress, the whole of those which she still carried escaped her grasp, and were scattered upon the ground. Great was the terror of the fugitives at, with beating pulses and straining eyes, they listened for several seconds to assure themselves that the noise of the fall had not excited any attention in the offices. When convinced that it had not been heard, the fugitives passed their hands over the sanded floor in every direction in search of their lost treasures—treasures indeed to them at that moment—and having at length succeeded in recovering them, they once more hurried on. Ere long, they had left the more modern portion of the subterraneans behind them; and found themselves in a large and lofty stone hall, which, as Gemonde informed her royal mistress, terminated the original vaults of the palace. Vainly, however, did they successively apply every key they possessed to the lock of the low-arched door, which opened at the further extremity of this vast and gloomy dungeon; not one would open it; and they ultimately became satisfied that it must still be lying near the spot where the others had fallen.

The Princess, who was by this time overcome with apprehension and fatigue, declared herself utterly unable to retrace her steps, and her devoted attendant was consequently compelled to entreat that her Highness would sit down and rest, while she returned alone to renew her search. The alternative was a terrible one to the delicate and carefully-nurtured victim of her own vices; but there was no escape. She must submit, or prepare to die of famine where she stood—unseen, unpitied and unshamed. "(Go," she gasped out at last; "go, but do not leave me long, Gemonde, or I shall become mad." All was dark, and she professedly still about her that she could hear the beating of her own heart as she bent forward to listen for the return of her guide. A weary interval succeeded; the Princess could not even guess at its duration; but to her it appeared as though hours had elapsed since she was left alone in that dim and dreary solitude, without an arm to sustain or a voice to comfort her.

Suddenly she heard the trampling of feet above her; and a gleam of light penetrating through a ventilator caused her to stand motionless. Then she overheard a conversation which at once riveted her attention, and overwhelmed her with terror.

"Only to think how soon all may be over," said a man's voice which, rude as it was, still betrayed deep regret, and sank to her heart as she leant her throbbing temples against the stone work of the vault: "poor Princess! she was in her usual health, to all appearance, at dinner time this very day; and now they say that she is dying."

"We must all die, princesses as well as paupers," was the rejoinder of one of his companions; "not one of us can buy off his last creditor."

"True enough," remarked a third; "but, nevertheless, this illness is wonderfully sudden. To think that she should have dined at table to-day, and that she should die to-night, is something more than one can understand." It is needless to say with what frightful earnestness the Princess hung upon their words, still, it might not be of her that they spoke—she was not the only princess in the palace—there was yet hope! That hope did not long endure, however; she heard rapid footsteps hurrying along the passages, and then a voice, which she recognized as that of one of her ushers, exclaiming, breathlessly,

"I bring you sorrowful news—in a few days we shall be in mourning for the hereditary Princess!"

"Who told you that all was so nearly over?" eagerly inquired his listeners.

"Gemonde, her Highness's favorite woman, who has scarcely left the bedside of her ill-fated mistress. I met her not ten minutes ago, half-mad with grief. You all know how she loved the Princess; and the sight of her sufferings had been more than she could bear. They are, she says, so violent and so acute, that nothing short of a miracle can enable her to endure them for another hour. Every one is up in the palace, and the citizens are already astir in the town. The Duke has locked himself into his apartment and refuses to be seen by any one. I only trust that he may not sink under the blow."

And still she stood there and listened—she whose last chance of life had been the good faith of the treacherous follower by whom she was thus betrayed—listened until the voices hushed in her ears, and strange lights danced before her dilated eyes. Once she strove to shriek out an appeal for help, but her parched tongue refused its office, and she only emitted a gurgling sob, which died away in her throat. Paralyzed with terror, she was unconscious of a muffled sound which gradually approached. There were heavy, but cautious, footfalls in the deep sand which formed the flooring of the vault, but she heard them not. Her whole being was absorbed in the conversation which was going on beside her, although she was no longer able to comprehend its nature, when suddenly she felt herself seized by two robust arms, and dragged violently away from the iron-barred window that connected the vault with the kitchen. Vainly did she struggle in the grasp of her captors; her cry for assistance awoke no response as it died away in the depths of the subterraneans along which she was hurried, in dull and mocking echoes.—Without respect either for her sex or for her rank, she was flung rudely to the ground, and her hands and feet secured with cords. Wildly she prayed for mercy; called upon her family, and even upon her husband to save her; she was far removed from human aid. Vainly she sought to bribe her tormentors.

"Take all, all!" she moaned in her agony;

"here are gold and jewels—spare my life—I am young to die!"

The brutal beings who were now the masters of her fate vonchased no reply, save by so tightening her bonds that she could not move a limb, and finally forcing a gag into her mouth. This outrage accomplished, the lower part of her body was thrust into a sack of black velvet, which was fastened round her waist and secured under her feet; and from that moment her Maker alone could hear her supplications for assistance!

THE WATERING-PLACE HUSBAND.  
A MINT TO LADIES.

"So, Laura is to be the fortunate woman after all!" said a bright-eyed damsel, running up towards a knot of young ladies, seated in a remote corner of a very large room, talking in whispers, and glancing sometimes towards the door; and thrusting herself between two of them, she put an arm round each fair neck, gazed into the one face, then into the other, and so by turns at the whole group, asking with her exquisite arch eyes, and a sort of prim smile that played round her lovely full lips, better than words could have done: "How do you feel, and you, and you?" She paused for a reply, but none being vonchased, she added, ludicrously articulating every syllable: "She is to be married to Mr. Thompson next month."

"And how do you know?" said one young lady, rather in a pettish tone.

"She told me so herself," was the reply; "I met her this moment on the stairs, flushed and trembling, but evidently exulting in her triumph; and I wished her joy from the bottom of my heart."

"And so do I," echoed one or two of the group. A very starched, rather elderly young lady, remarked there was no accounting for taste. Another thought he might have done better, with a glance at some of the handsomest girls present, and a good long inward stare at herself; while the one who had tried hardest to get him, wondered how any girl could marry such a stiff, awkward man. Besides, who was he? If he had been well connected, he would have been only too glad to have boasted of it. Then he was only a city man! Not even rich, either. And such a name! She could not endure these common names; if it were for nothing else, she never could have married him. At which declaration, expressive glances were interchanged. One young lady coughed violently; another played a tune on the table; two others, who were seated rather behind the speaker, raised their eyebrows to each other in that peculiar manner understood to be a substitute for the words "Did you ever?"

It was on a fine morning, in the middle of September, in rather a second-rate hotel at Leamington, that the above scene took place. A sociable enough party had been assembled there for three weeks; that is, the elder members were quite satisfied, and the younger had nothing tangible to complain of. They had the usual amount of walking, riding, dancing, quarrelling, and jealousy to amuse them; but there was a want of excitement, that daily crevings of the young, and the more brisk among them voted the whole thing decided slow. What, then, must have been the general exhilaration, the whispered conjectures, the flutterings, the glancing, when it became known, about a week before that two gentlemen had arrived—young gentlemen, for they were both certainly under thirty-five, and that one of them had at once proceeded to throw out, in an easy, indifferent manner, hints as to the condition and intentions of the other. The friends were Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Thompson. The former, in spite of his aristocratic name, seemed to have no condition or intentions of his own. He was simply Mr. Thompson's friend; he belonged to that class who neither have nor desire a position, and who enjoy life all the more that they do not seek to make any permanent appropriation of its component parts—birds of passage, who do not seek to perch here and there any sort of mortal, and who live a sort of cuckoo-life without any nest of their own. He had the easy, assured air of the race of which he was an accomplished specimen. Mr. Thompson, on the contrary, was stiff, formal, and silent. You could not call him awkward, but he had the air of a man on his good behavior, and as if an explosion might take place if he should at any time forget his lesson. He committed no overt act that could be called ungentlemanly, and yet you would have despaired of calling him a gentleman. He was rather tall and stout; regular enough features, a red and white complexion, a sort of nervous twitching of the eyes, and dark, strong, curly hair. His tailor had fitted him so tightly, that he seemed a prisoner in his own clothes; for instead of being a subsidiary affair, the clothing was the most important part of the man—as if Mr. Thompson had entered into a signed and sealed compact with his tailor not to dishonor the work of his hands. To puff the wearer into a state of equality with these exquisite habiliments, was the special mission of Mr. Fortescue—a mission he fulfilled to perfection. Nothing was overdone: he only said enough to invite inquiry, and set the whole table into a frenzy of curiosity. If a person of importance were named, he would say: "I don't know him, but I believe my friend Thompson does," without appealing to him, although he was close by. He would begin to say something about his friend Thompson's home or possessions, and then slide off to another subject in a carefree, dreamy way. If the party stopped in their ramble to look at a plant, he said: "It's the same, I think, Thompson, you have in your garden at Kensington." One young lady declared it was "garden at Kensington," while another was quite sure it was "at Camden Town." Thus gently and warily hoisted into notice, and covered with a delicate veil of mystery, it was surprising how well Mr. Thompson snatched the small part that remained for him. From the hands of his tailor he had passed into those of Mr. Fortescue, who served him up with derisive wit to the assembled guests, who again persecuted him according to the usual system of

favorable prophecies. His stiffness was dignity, his awkwardness modesty. His silence showed reflection, the nervous twitching of the eye indicated a quick sensibility, a slightly provincial accent gave him an additional interest—it sounded so foreign. Not but that there still remained some smouldering embers of doubt and distrust—they were only embers, however, and easily quenched. Why did Mr. Thompson never say anything about Mr. Fortescue? Fortescue was decidedly an aristocratic name, and Thompson as decidedly plebeian. Yet Mr. Fortescue never spoke of his connections, nor of high people in general but with some reference to Mr. Thompson. Then Mr. Thompson, only a city man, did not appear at all proud of his association with this easy-dashing, of course west-end man. All this was passing; but then it was the very life and soul of a watering place to be puzled. Was it not just for want of being puzled that the party were dull and slow before this new arrival? Concerning whom, whatever was unaccountable was held to prove entire honesty and simplicity, and the absence of any desire of help from borrowed feathers. It certainly went to confirm this conclusion, that Mr. Fortescue never pronounced Mr. Thompson as a rich man, but only as one in easy circumstances. His business was in the city; but whenever there threatened any too curious inquiry as to its nature, he informed the company, made for each other; she was amiable and accomplished; and as for Mr. Thompson, it was very little he could say of him; but this he could with truth say, that he possessed the esteem of every one who had the good fortune to know him; then bursting the fetters of dull prose, he quoted, with deep emotion, some lines about the spirits of true lovers not being parted even by death itself.

A short honey-fortnight was spent in dawdling through the country on the way to London, for Mr. Thompson's business in the city could brook no further absence of its chief, and had he not already been gone five weeks?

What honey might yet be remaining in the moon's wax must be sucked at Kensington; so thither they went, and on a cold, clear starlight night in October, Laura arrived at her future home; and a most pleasant one it turned out to be, with its blazing fires and bright new furniture, among which were many tasteful articles, pleasant to the eye, and suited to the tastes and occupations of woman. Mr. Thompson left early in the morning for the city, and did not return till late in the evening to dinner, when Laura hoped business had gone on well in his absence, and he hoped she had spent a pleasant day; they were quite disposed to be pleased with each other, and everything seemed turning out "for better;" for at the end of a few weeks, Mr. Thompson shewed and developed amazingly; became more at home with himself, and rather talkative, and made quite a kind, good average husband in a

Mr. Thompson suddenly darted into it, and disappeared within a door that seemed to have been open to receive him; then instantly closed again, after the manner of doors in a pantomime. Overstrained by the hot pursuit, the tension of mind caused by her frenzy of curiosity, and the fear of being discovered in such a discreditable situation, Laura would have sunk to the ground, had she not leaned for support against the wall of a house nearly opposite. There she stood in a sort of blank stupor, for ten minutes, it might be twenty, when the door at which Mr. Thompson had entered slowly opened, and three male figures came forth. One of them, though altered and shabby-looking, she instantly recognized as Mr. Fortescue, the kind Leamington friend, who had so successfully puffed Mr. Thompson up to the pitch matrimonial. The second her eyes fell on, she had never seen before, she felt sure. These two supported between them a wretched figure maimed and blind. He seemed to have no legs, or at least she saw nothing under the knees. The arms hung so loose, it seemed a doubtful case whether the necessary friction in giving support might not cause a total rupture. She was about to examine what, at the distance, appeared to be a scar or mark of some kind on the pale face, when the face itself—O horrour! No, it could not be! Laura gasped for breath—her brain reeled—she turned away her eyes as if she could turn away the truth; for all other signs of identity might have deceived her; but the strange nervous twitching of the eyes, evidently produced by simulating blindness, revealed the awful fact! It was her husband! Mr. Thompson was a beggar!

We need not depict the scene which ensued that evening, when Flora, coming to the subject by hints at first, and then by more direct allusions, revealed her knowledge of the mystery. What was to be done? The past could not be remedied; the future, however, could be secured. Mr. Thompson, fortunately, had already accumulated quite a competency from the sympathies of the soft-hearted, soft-headed public. At Laura's entreaties, he resolved to abandon his profession—most properly called by that honorable name—and retire. He did so, and, as honesty is sometimes found among thieves, and is often good policy, his secret was not betrayed by his companions in knavery. From the moment of her discovery of her husband's peculiar business, Laura began to despise the man who had won, we can hardly say wooed, her. They lived on in an apparently happy manner, however—just as many another discontented couple live. Occasionally, however, her friends were rather surprised at hearing her, when the conversation turned upon such subjects, denounce, in a very emphatic, and even vehement manner, all hasty, watering-place, marriages.

## SAINT STEPHEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY JULIA GILL.

Oh, blessed martyr, dying for the Lord!  
We envy him the glory of his fate,  
Though all that men most shrink from (burning  
martyr).

Bitterest slander, hiss of scorn and hate,  
More cruel than the heavy stones they cast.)  
Made storm about him as his spirit passed.

We envy him the peace that kept his heart  
In all the shock of that mad passion-war,—  
We whose watched doors of piety by apart  
So often at temptation's lightest jar;

The peace that made his countenance to shine  
Like Moses' bearing mysteries divine.

Full of the perfect love he knew to die!

He prayed his enemies might be forgiven'

And from the height of that great ecstasy

He looked in through the open gate of heaven'

He saw the Lord! Pain o'er him had no power,

Entering to be with Christ forevermore.

"The first to die for Jesus! Oh, how sweet

To die for love of Jesus!" This we say,

And straight towards Golgotha we turn our feet

With faces like a flint—but on our way,

We meet the little crosses we must take,

And bear upon our shoulder for His sake.

And so we shrink and falter and turn back,

Or with complaints and murmurs take them up,

Small denials, neither courage nor rack;—

We sigh to sit with Ease and drink her cup,

And walk Sloots' level gardens;—we, who faint

The stature of Christ's martyrs would attain!

And can it be, dear Lord, that souls so weak,

Remain in watching, dastard in the fight,

Shall walk upon the eternal hills, and speak

With Stephen, bearing palm and robed in white?

Ashamed, in tears, we come for help to Thee.

Triumphant Captain, Lord of victory!

Providence, R. I.

**THE PILLOW AS A PUNISHER.**—“Setting in the pillory” was probably the most *unusual* mode of punishment ever invented, its severity entirely depending upon the public feeling. Men of almost unexceptionable character, who had the misfortune to publish something distasteful to the government of the day, have been more than once very nearly killed, where the feeling of the mob was against them; while, on the other hand, the wildest miscreants were often protected and cheered during their exposure.

When William Parsons, in whose house took place the affair of the “Cook-lane-ghost,” was pilloried, the mob formed a ring round the scaffold, and not only preserved him from the least mark of indignity, but actually made a subscription for him among the thousands collected to witness his “punishment.” Not unfrequently, indeed, the authorities themselves acted in a similar manner; and after a Dr. Shearles had been in the pillory for publishing a political libel, the under-Sheriff was fined £50, and imprisoned two months, for allowing the doctor to be attended on the platform by a servant in livery, who held an umbrella over his head, and for omitting to confine his head and arms in the pillory.

Some men's patriotism runs to Luther, Cromwell, John Knox, or George Washington, but will have nothing to do with the dragons and dangers which now beset the United States.—Emerson.

## THE SCOUT.

## A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE RIVALS.

After Abe Spiner's and disappointment in the fall, on the occasion of his intended visit to Annie Brenington, he had not been able to summon courage enough to make another attempt, for several weeks; and though after that time he did spend several Saturday evenings at the house, his heart always failed him with regard to offering his poem. To be sure, he had not many opportunities, for her father, who had less fancy for Abe than for Roney, ever persisted in remaining in the room with them in the most barbarous and unjustifiable manner, as Abe thought, though Annie did not think so. The consequence was, that he did not make much progress with her. Mr. Brenington kept him talking about the war and other matters, whenever he was there, while Annie occupied herself with her sewing, rarely speaking except when addressed.

Abe was in a tight place at these visits. He knew Mr. Brenington's political opinions, and would have been glad enough to chime in with them, in order to recommend himself to his favor; but on the other hand, he knew that Annie's were quite as decidedly the other way, though she never expressed or discussed them in her father's presence. It was more a matter of feeling than judgment, it is true, with her, her opinion following very much in the track of Roney's, but they were sufficiently decided to satisfy him that to confess himself a Loyalist would be a poor passport to her favor. So he contrived, as far as possible, to avoid expressing any opinion on the subject, and Annie, in addition to her dislike, now despised him.

Matters were remaining in this condition, when one Saturday, in the beginning of March, Annie was sitting at the window which overlooked the road, alone. It was drawing towards the evening of a cold, blustery day, such as are frequent when March comes in his lion-mood. The sky had been covered with heavy clouds through the day, and occasional furries of snow had driven across the landscape. The clouds had now begun to break a little on the western horizon, as the sun was setting, and were lighted up with a red, angry glare which betokened foul weather. The road was frozen hard, and the Brandywine was still locked in ice. The leafless trees rustled, and twisted, and creaked as the blasts of wind ploughed through them, and went shrieking and howling along the wide meadow which spread between the house and the little river, so beautiful in the summer time, so desolate and dreary now.

Annie made no remark upon it, really not knowing what to say; and after a moment's silence, Abe rose from his chair, crossed over to where she was sitting, and laid the paper in her lap, saying, as he did so,

“Will Miss Annie accept this poor production? It was written all out of my own head!—purposely for you, and it displays the feelings that's been strugglin' for expression in my bosom ever since I first know'd you. Oh! Miss Annie,” he exclaimed, dropping on one knee and seizing her hand before she suspected what he was about, “let me be the ‘worthy swain’ to ‘join you in Hymen’s bands;’ let this hand be mine;” and, emboldened by her silence, he attempted to pass his other arm around her waist.

Annie snatched her hand away as if his grasp had burned her, and sprang to her feet with a suddenness and force that nearly capsized Abe into the fire.

“This is too much,” she exclaimed, the blood springing to her face, and her usually soft, violet eyes flashing and sparkling with anger she had never felt before; “this is an insolent coward, Abel Spiner. I’ve borne thy persecutions for a good while, because I didn’t want to hurt thy feelings by telling thee what I thought of thee, but this must be the last of them. Thee may go, and if thee ever dares to speak to me again, I shall tell my father of thy conduct to-night!”

Abe had gathered himself up, and stood utterly dumbfounded at this marvelous display of passion by one usually so gentle as Annie. In fact he didn't understand it all. Most of the class of girls with whom he was intimate, and with whom he had been accustomed to flirt, would have taken his action rather as a challenge to a tussle than as a serious offence. He still thought that Annie could not be earnest, and that her manner was only a coyness which could be overcome by a bold perseverance. It had been so with other girls, though he had never seen anytake this particular aspect before: why should he be beat by this, and have her laugh at him afterwards for his timidity. With this idea in his weak little brain he actually advanced again towards Annie laughing.

She was alarmed, and retreated towards the door. Abe sprang after and threw his arm around her before she reached it. Before Annie had time to utter the cry for help that was upon her lips, Abe felt a strong hand twisted into the back of his cravat, and the next instant he was hurried spinning across the room and brought up against the partly open outer door with a force that drove it with a slam, and made the dishes rattle on the shelves of the cupboard that stood beside it. As soon as he could gather his wits together he naturally looked around to see whence this unmerciful greeting had come. There, on the spot which he had vacated with such involuntary and undignified rapidity, with one arm around Annie, who, now that her sudden and unwanted passion had reacted, was leaning her head on his shoulder and sobbing violently, stood Roney Baldwin looking at him silently, with his upper lip drawn back from his clenched teeth, and his clear, gray eyes sparkling like those of a rattlesnake about to strike.

Abe, to do him justice, though a conceited jackass, was by nature neither coward nor braggard. He had really not had the slightest idea of insulting Annie by the course he had taken, but thought he was taking the very course she secretly wished. All his previous acquaintance had been among the class of girls known as “rumpas” with whom such a mode of action would have been nothing out of the way, and his ideas of female character had been formed very much from these models. I have said he was no coward, and in his wrath at the rude handling he had received, leaving explanations for a more convenient time, and sprang at Roney like a wild-cat. The latter encumbered by Annie, who was clinging to him, had barely time to throw out his right arm so as to parry the blow that Abe

had succeeded, by informing Annie that it was very cloudy weather. This being a fact of which she had been aware for two or three days, Annie felt safe in answering,

“Yes, very,” and then the conversation dropped.

After a pause Abe spoke again.

“Miss Annie.”

She raised her eyes towards him in answer, and waited to see what was coming: she waited in vain, for nothing came, the fine speech which Abe had been uttering over all the way from the start, having basely deserted him at this point.

Another pause ensued, Annie paternistically remaining silent, and Abe endeavoring to recall his speech. After a while he began:

“Miss Annie, I—” but, no, away went the speech again, leaving poor Abe with his mouth open looking so foolish, but, within, in such an agony, that Annie began to pity him, and in the feeling forgot her own nervousness.

“What was there going to say, Abe?” she asked, with an accession of kindness to her voice, that, slight as it was, thrilled through the poor little fellow’s silly heart, and made, as Longfellow quaintly expresses it, his inward delight tinged down to the tail of his coat. In the left-hand pocket of this coat was the poem, and Abe now produced it, unfolding it slowly, while Annie looked at him wonderingly.

“I’ve brought an offering of my poor muse, Miss Annie,” said Abe, when he had unfolded the paper and smoothed it out upon his knee, “that will tell my feelings better than I can say ‘em just now; shall I read it to you?”

Annie, who had begun to feel a kind ofquisical interest in the matter, nodded assent, and Abe went on to read his production in the most eloquent way he could. When he came to the lines—

“May you in Hymen’s chains soon join  
With some bright worthy swain.”

He threw into his voice and manner all the significance of which they were susceptible, and even paused to observe the effect. Annie’s face flushed slightly, but she said nothing, and did not turn her eyes toward him.

Abe had relied somewhat upon this point in his poem, considering it a very neat way of making the declaration he had been trying so long to get at; being baffled, he finished somewhat lamely.

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had struck with all his force as he came within reach; at the same instant, as Abe started by the impetus of his rush, he put out his foot and tripped him; the little fellow, however, was as active as a squirrel, and was only brought down upon his hands and knees, from which he recovered himself in a moment.

By that time, however, Annie had disengaged herself, and Roney was ready for his antagonist. Abe came at him again, flinging his arms about like the sails of a stampy little wind mill; but Roney knowing that his little antagonist was no match for him, and, moreover, having a great repugnance to getting into a rough and tumble fight, generously forbore to strike, but contented himself with parrying the first blow which was aimed at him, and then, by a sudden movement, threw his arms around Abe, and drawing him close to him with an irresistible bear-hug, made it impossible for the latter to draw his arms back far enough to strike him, though he continued for half a minute or so making furious lunges which passed over Roney's shoulders, and spent themselves on the air. When he stopped for want of breath, Roney slackened his embrace, and as Abe started back from him caught him dexterously by the wrists, and held him in a grasp in which one effort to wrench himself loose, satisfied Abe that he was powerless.

“Now,” said Roney, in that low, curt, crisp way of speaking, that I have already mentioned as one of his peculiarities when excited,

“Now, sir, if you’re come to your senses I’ll let you go. Right through that door lies your way: if you’re longer getting to it than it takes you to walk there, I’ll help you on. Do you hear?”

“I hear you, Roney Baldwin,” said Abe, when he had unfolded the paper and smoothed it out upon his knee, “that will tell my feelings better than I can say ‘em just now; shall I read it to you?”

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With some bright worthy swain.”

He threw

such as bewitched a man who conceived his heart's logo to be made of something besides cast steel. As the steps drew near, Sam crept back into a corner of the fence, confident that he would be entirely concealed by the shadow of the ground which rose into a slight bank in the rear. Curled up into a small compass as possible, with his eyes wide open, he waited the result, with a slight degree of nervousness. At last the steps were close at hand, and Abe had begun to doorway an uncertain looking form against the sky, when, suddenly, the horse gave a short, quick neigh, and sprang from all four feet at once, like a deer, to the opposite side of the road.

"Hello!" exclaimed his rider, "what're you bout?" and then added in a lower tone, "what is it, Freckles?" and at the moment catching a glimpse of the whites of Sam's eyes, he sprang from his horse, dashed across the road, and had the frightened negro by the throat before he had time to unsell himself. Fortunately, Sam had recognized the voice, and the name by which his captor had addressed his horse, and managed to stammer out,— "Dad d-don't, Mass' Roney; I's Sam; don' know me!"

"Sam!" said Roney, in astonishment, as he let go his hold, and allowed his prisoner to rise, "what the mischief are you doing here, this time o' night? Whose turkeys are you after now? and what made you hide, that way, in the fence corner?"

"I ain't arter no turkeys dis time," said Sam, solemnly, "an' I get into de fence corner 'cause I didn't know who it war a comin'; I's seed two debbilis dis night, an' I didn't want to see no more."

"Two debbilis! what do you mean?"

"Yes, sa, I seen two debbilis, a big one an' a little one, de big one was Cap'n Fitz, an' de little one, I don't know, he was a squatty feller wid a red coat on."

"Captain Fitz?" said Roney, "are you sure of that, Sam?"

"Sart'n, sa, 'cause I heered him say he was."

"I wonder what he's after about here?" said Roney, musingly; "no good, of course; if I could only find out where he is we might rid the country of him; you say the other had on a red coat?" he resumed; "was he a soldier?"

"No, sa, he warn't no soldier," said Sam, "his coat warn't a soldier's coat, it war a dandy coat; I heered him say muffin to toder feller bout seemin' you to night a little while afore day met."

"It must have been Abe Spicer," said Roney quickly, "he's the only man with a red coat I've met to night. But what can he be doing with an outlawed rascal like Captain Fitz? There's some foul play going on. What did they do when they met, Sam?"

"Why, at first, de little one was a galloppin' like mad, and den Cap'n Fitz catch his horse by de head an' stopped him, an' was gwine to shoot him wid a pistol; an' den day talk a little, an' den day come off de road, back in de woods, an' I dedgint shant an' old hick'ry close by, an' heered all day said."

"Well, what did they say?" asked his hearer, impatiently.

"Why, day talked about catchin' you, an' suffin' about a lady day wanted to be done when you was catch."

"Ha!" said Roney; "well, go on."

"Den day talked about catchin' you some time when you was at somebody's house. I don't know de name right; I think it was suffin' like Brummagem."

"Was it Brenington?"

"Doch was it, day was gwine to watch and see when you went to Mass' Brum'nton's, an' Cap'n Fitz, he was a gwine to hab somes' of his gang, an' tie you face, an' take you off to Philadelphia, an' den de little one, he said he was a gwine to ear' off de lady, an' see how she'd like it; an' den he said, if dey'd know you cher' is head, 'stead o' ear' you off, it 'd be all de better."

"So, this is the way he's going to settle the matter, is it?" said Roney to himself, "the sooner it's done, the better for both of us; perhaps he'll discover a mistake before he gets through. Do you think they suspected you of being near, Sam?"

"I spect dey didn't expect muffin, sa, 'cause I moved along 'is as quiet as a fox arter—"

"A turkey," interrupted Roney.

"Oh, sh! Mass' Roney! lef' dat turkey be; we's got sum'ner matters to talk 'bout."

"Then if they don't suspect you, they won't suppose I know anything about the plan, and I'll counterthem," said Roney.

"Well, sa, you'll gib' Sam a chance at 'em when de time comes, won't you?"

"If I can trust you to fight if it is necessary, I will want help."

"You kin trust me, Mass' Roney; sartin kin trust me; I'd like to git a crack at dat little rascal what war gwine to ear' off de lady."

"You shall have the chance, Sam; you shall have the chance, if I do anything. Now, we must go home as soon as we can; jump up behind me; you can ride double, I suppose," said Roney, mounting.

"Spec' so," said Sam, grinning; "dat's de way I learn to ride; me an' a meal bag;" and suddenly placing his hands upon the crupper of Roney's saddle, he made a clean leap from the ground and lit astride Freckles' rump, much to that spirited animal's indignation.— He expressed this by a furious plunging and kicking, which, however, produced no effect whatever in dislodging his extra rider.

He was not naturally vicious, however, and soon became reconciled to the unwanted pressure on his back, and travelled briskly homewards. But little was said by either of the riders. Roney was pondering a scheme by which to head off the conspiracy against him, and, if possible, to capture Fitz; and Sam, now that his excitement had somewhat passed off, was alternately "building castles in the air," with Thury's eyes for windows, and gazing over his disappointment in not having seen her.

In a short time they reached Roney's house, pretty thoroughly chilled by their cold ride, and found a roaring fire blazing in the chimney. "It was late, and he was not expected at home that night, Sam concluded to stay where he was, and accordingly, after the fire

was raised up, disposed himself to sleep in front of it, after his usual fashion.

## CHAPTER XVI. THE ATTACK.

Roney lost no time in bringing the question between himself and Abe to a decision. He thought that if he and Annie were to be "abducted," the sooner it was done the better. If they were not to be, the sooner they knew it the better.

Accordingly, about the middle of the ensuing week, he contrived to let Abe know, through Sam's agency, that he expected to be at Mr. Brenington's on the following Saturday evening. Sam was personally unknown to Abe, who, seeing no reason to suspect anything in what he took of the loose chatter of a negro boy, swallowed the bait that Sam laid for him with the most perfect innocence.

The trap was a very simple one. Sam, at Roney's request, had obtained permission from his master, to visit Miss Arthesus in the middle of the week instead of waiting until Saturday. After devoting the evening to courting, very much to his own satisfaction, Sam went over to the store early the next morning, and began chaffering for some small articles.

Abe, who was waiting on him, observing that he was a stranger, very naturally asked him where he belonged. Sam told him the exact truth, without any hesitation.

"Then," said Abe, "if you come from there, maybe you know a young man named Baldwin, that lives in the neighborhood."

"Roney Baldwin?" inquired Sam.

"Yes; I believe that's his name."

"Sart'n, sa, I know Roney Baldwin, an'" answered Sam. "I spect' mebbe you've seed him you' self, sometimes—cause he often comes down yon' a-courtin on Saturday nights."

"Come a-courtin, does he," said Abe, "who do you s'pose he's after in this neighborhood?"

"Why, she like ober dar on Bran'wine, her name's Brum'nton, an' he's a comin to see her Saturday night."

"How do you know?" asked Abe, quickly.

"Cause I heered him tell Mass' Wilson so, Mass' Wilson, he axed him war he gwine to be at home Sabin' night, an' Roney he say, no, he war gwine ober to Mass' Brum'nton's, 'cause some feller had been an' insulted de lady las' Saturday night; he didn't tell his name—an' he war afraid mebbe de feller might come agin, so he thought he'd be dar' for fear."

Abe was satisfied with this information, and asked no more questions, and Sam, after making a few trifling purchases, took his departure.

That night, Abe rode twelve miles to a rendezvous, which Captain Fitz had described to him at their meeting in the road, and where he had promised to be on this very night, to see if Abe had any news. The spot indicated was in a hollow in a patch of woods near the "Turk," near West Chester. It was at the spring which formed the source of a run emptying into the Brandywine, close by the present Jeffers' Ford bridge. The spring was situated about three-fourths of a mile in a south-westerly direction from the Turk's Head, and though it is now within the town limits, and close beside one of the streets which has outstripped the growth of the town, and ambitious stretched itself far into the country, parallel with the Wilmington road, it was then completely secluded, being deeply bedded in woods, and overgrown with thick bushes, which, together with its situation, hemmed in on three sides by tolerably high banks, made it as desirable a place for concealing any nice little piece of devilment which would not bear the light, as could have been wished for.

Not being well acquainted with the ground, Abe had some trouble in finding the spot in the gloom, but after some searching, reached what he supposed must be the place, and ventured to give the signal agreed upon. There was no answer, and he soon began to feel uncomfortable. The darkness was thick enough on the open road, for there was no moon, and the sky was covered with a heavy curtain of clouds, but here, in the hollow, in the midst of a thick growth of trees and rankly growing briars, it was intense. The trees were still bare of leaves; and when he looked upward he could faintly distinguish the bare branches against the dark sky, standing out in iron rigidity, or grotesquely interlaced with each other in endless convolutions.

Abe, like most men of his time, was not entirely free from a tinge of superstition, and to him there was something uncanny in the deep silence, and the gloom, and the solitary feeling that came over him. Moreover, it was the first scheme of deliberate villainy in which he had ever been engaged, and no man feels entirely comfortable when he is about taking that first step on the road over which it is so hard to return. He began to see dim faces peeping at him from among the bushes, appearing for an instant, and then disappearing, to be succeeded by others, sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another. Then he would hear faint giggles of suppressed laughter, whispering among the trees, or dying away in the depths of the spring. Then the gurgling of the water as it tumbled among the stones, would articulate "murderer!" to Abe's startled conscience as clearly and distinctly as though the word had been brayed into his ear through a speaking trumpet, and then the giggles would go whispering again among the trees, in wild and devilish glee, and the grimacing faces would appear on all sides, and whip out of sight as he turned to look at them; till he was in an ecstasy of nervous fear at the phantoms his guilty imagination had conjured up. He was so wrought up, indeed, that he was on the point of turning his horse and getting out of the woods, and home as fast as possible, when he heard a dry branch snap, and then a sudden irregular stamping of feet, as though some one had stumbled and recovered himself. This was followed by a harsh voice cursing the darkness, which, though its tones were suppressed, Abe, whose faculties were prostratically sharpened, at once recognized as the voice of Captain Fitz. This first real voice which he had heard, restored Abe to himself at once. He gave the signal whistle

again, which was immediately answered, and then the voice of Fitz, who was still invisible, was heard growling.

"It's you, is it? Where the d—l are you?"

"Here," answered Abe in a low voice, "here, down in the hollow by the spring; why didn't you answer when I whistled first?"

"Cause I didn't hear you; how long have you been here?" said the speaker, coming into view.

"I don't know," answered Abe, suddenly; "about fifteen minutes I guess, though it seemed like as many hours; I've been thinkin' all sorts of infernal nonsense while I waited for you; if you hadn't come just when you did, I'd ha' gone home again an' give up the job."

"And the gal?" said the other with a low, disagreeable laugh, "you'd ha' been a fool for that; an' besides," he added, changing his tone, "you've got to go through with this matter now; I'll have no playin' fast an' loose with me; you'll just go on till you've got your neck as far into the halter as mine is. If I swing, you'll swing with me."

"And suppose, Mr. Captain Fitz," said Abe, who, as I have remarked, did not want for "pluck" when opposed to a tangible adversary, "suppose I choose to go, and give up the whole business; what'll hinder me?"

"There's no danger of their killing you, Annie, unless by accident, but if that miserable little wretch should seize upon you and carry you off in the confusion, what could you do?"

"I think I can take care of myself," said Abe, "and if I cannot, God can. I must stay, Roney; this must allow me to share the danger, if there is any; and besides, if Abe should do what she says, there would be a better chance of saving me from him, than if he should take me from another part of the house, where I would be alone and out of the reach of help."

"I didn't think of that," said Roney; "you had better stay and keep near me, whatever happens."

The conversation was here interrupted by a tap at the back window. Annie started in alarm, but Roney, merely saying—"It's a friend," went to the back door. It was by this time tolerably dark; he had been anxiously waiting for his friends, who were later than he expected, and felt much relieved when he heard the signal. There was a fire burning in the chimney, which, though there was no other light in the room, made sufficient glare to render all objects outside invisible, while from without, everything in the room could be distinctly seen.

Roney opened the door and said, in a low voice,

"Come in."

There was an indistinct glimpse of a powerful form, a sudden bound at him, accompanied by a blow with a club, which, missing his head, at which it was aimed, only grazed his shoulder, still retaining his grasp of Annie with the other, turned half around in the saddle, and fired at random over his shoulder a pistol he had snatched from his belt. The powder singed the wool and burned away the skin on the side of Sam's head, but the ball missed him; furiously with the smart, he drew back his right hand, which still retained the hatchet, and struck with all his force, sending the hatchet through hat crown and skull, deep into the brain of the unlucky Abe.

The frightened horse plunged furiously for a moment, but the weight of his triple load soon quieted him, and Abe, who at first was half-paralyzed by the sudden fright, and very nearly unseated by the violent effort that Sam had made to hurl him from the saddle, now loosed his hold of the bridle with one hand, still retaining his grasp of Annie with the other, turned half around in the saddle, and fired at random over his shoulder a pistol he had snatched from his belt. The powder singed the wool and burned away the skin on the side of Sam's head, but the ball missed him; furiously with the smart, he drew back his right hand, which still retained the hatchet, and struck with all his force, sending the hatchet through hat crown and skull, deep into the brain of the unlucky Abe.

The poor little wretch straightened out his quivering limbs for an instant, and then collapsed and rolled sideways off the horse, dead, carrying Annie and his slayer with him, while the frightened horse dashed off up the road at full speed. Sam scrambled up immediately, the African rage by no means appeased, clutching at Annie, simply exclaiming:

"Guess you won't car' off no more ladies, nor fire no more pistols now, you cussed rascal!" and dragging her towards the door.

She struggled bravely, and resisted with a strength that Abe had not calculated upon her slight frame, but it was of no avail. She was dragged through the door, past Roney, who was still fighting desperately against the heavy odds of five strong men. The sight of Annie's danger nerve'd him for the moment with irresistible strength, and by one furious effort, he shook off the whole of them, and sprang to his feet. His enemies were up, however, as quickly as he was, and he would have been seized again, when there came the sharp, sudden crack of a rifle from one of the front windows, dropping one of the robbers with a bullet through his waistband.

"Gosh!" said a voice outside, "we'd like to be loud too late! At 'em boys!"

A dose stout young farmers armed with rifles and duck guns, rushed in and surrounded the combatants.

"Never mind me, boys. They've carried off Annie. After 'em, quick: you can save her yet."

There was one instant of bewildered silence, and then there was the tramp of a horse's feet at a heavy gallop, and a woman's scream rang high and clear on the night air. Half of the rescuers darted through the front door to their horses, while Roney, taking advantage of the momentary lull, knocked down with his fist the robber who stood directly between him and the back door, near which the scuffle had taken place, sprang over his body and through the door, right into the clutch of two of the fellows outside, who had remained to keep watch, but who were now hurrying in to assist their comrades. All three went down together, and the next instant were followed by a rush of the whole party inside, and the yard became at once the scene of a hurly-burly, in the midst of which I must leave them to follow Abe, in company with those who had started in pursuit. Some little time was taken up in unhitching their horses and mounting, and by the time they had reached the back of the house, Abe was so far off that the sound of their own horses' feet completely drowned that of Abe's, even if he was still within hearing. They kept on along the road, however, and might eventually have outrun Abe's overladen horse, but there was a Nemesis on his track, swifter than they.

Abe had been as much taken by surprise as Roney, at the first attack; he had expected that the farmers would be on the ground long before the others, and had been watching the road for them, from the front. He was close to the house, however, and had seen the first entrance of the robbers, with Abe in their rear.

He had previously armed himself with a hatchet and was about to go to Roney's assistance, when his purpose was changed by seeing Annie dragged off by Abe. He instantly darted around the house, just in time to see her in

the grasp of the two sentinels, who tied a handkerchief over her mouth, and then lifted her on a horse in front of Abe, who had already mounted. As he seized her in his arms, and sunk the spurs into his horse, she managed to slip the handkerchief from her mouth, and utter the single scream I have mentioned.

Saturday came. Towards five o'clock in the afternoon Roney arrived at the house, and found Annie expecting him. Sam had accompanied him until they came to within a mile or so of the place, when he separated from him and reached it by a different route. It had been arranged that the party of Roney's friends should be concealed in the house, while Sam should remain outside, on the watch. A few words from Roney informed Annie of the state of affairs. She was, of course, a good deal alarmed, and anxious for her lover's safety. She refused his entreaties to conceal herself, saying that where he was in danger, there was place.

"I'm not afraid, Roney," she said; "let me stay, and if there should be fighting, even, I'll keep quiet, and won't faint, nor scream, nor catch hold of thee or any of thy friends," she added, with a faint smile, "nor do anything to hinder thy defence. But I could not bear to be hiding away in safety, while thou art in danger on my account. If they kill thee, they must kill me at the same time."

"There's no danger of their killing you, Annie, unless by accident, but if that miserable little wretch should seize upon you and carry you off in the confusion, what could you do?"

"I think I can take care of myself," said Abe, "and if I cannot, God can. I must stay, Roney; this must allow me to share the danger, if there is any; and besides, if Abe should do what she says, there would be a better chance of saving me from him, than if he should take me from another part of the house, where I would be alone and out of the reach of help."

He never reached that point.

Fleet as a hound, and, boy though he was, long-winded and untiring, as a prairie wolf, Sam overtook him before he had passed more than three-fourths of the mile that lay between the house and the point where he expected to leave the road.

The boy did not show himself immediately, but kept behind, in the shadow, until an opportunity for carrying out his plan should occur.

He had not long to wait. About a hundred yards beyond



## Wit and Humor

## DINNER-TABLE ANECDOTES.

John Hancock was in embarrassed circumstances in the latter part of his life, and a venerable gentleman, whose society I sometimes enjoy, has told me that he had often heard, on the first day of term, when the docket was called, the Crier exclaim, "John Hancock, John Hancock, come into court and answer unto John Doe, or your default will be recorded!" And this when he was Governor of the State. But in those blessed days for lawyers, nobody minded being sued, and nobody bothered himself about paying his debts, except upon compulsion, unless it suited his convenience. Still, he found means to exercise a most abundant hospitality. The gentleman I have quoted, who is probably the last surviving guest of the multitudes Hancock entertained—since he died sixty-five years ago—described to me a dinner party he particularly remembered. There were not less than fifty or sixty at table, but the host did not sit at meat with them. He ate at a little side table, and sat on a wheel chair, in which he wheeled himself about the general table to speak with his guests. This was because of his gout, of which he made a political as well as social excuse for doing as he pleased. On the occasion in question, when the guests were in the height of animated conversation, and just as the cloth was drawn, they were interrupted by a tremendous crash. A servant, in removing a cut glass epergne, which formed the central ornament of the table, let it fall, and it was dashed in a thousand pieces. An awkward silence fell upon the company, who hardly knew how to treat the accident, when Hancock relieved their embarrassment by cheerfully exclaiming, "James, break as much as you like, but don't make such a confounded noise about it!" And under cover of the laugh thus excited, the fragments were removed, and the talk went on as if nothing had happened. This, it strikes me, was the presence of mind of true good breeding.

It was a little different view from the one taken by Sheridan, when a similar accident happened at a table where he was dining. The servant, letting a tray full of plates fall, the master of the house demanded "what he had broken?" "Nothing, sir," said the man. "What?" exclaimed Sheridan, indignantly, "have you made all that noise for nothing?" Hancock's mode of meeting this emergency reminds me of incident somewhat like it, with which I will conclude my discourse. Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, whose daughter married Mr. Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, was ambitious of representing Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States. To this end, he canvassed the Legislature sedulously, and, like a wise man, plied them abundantly with good dinners. In this service he was ably assisted by his wife. One day, when he was entertaining a party of legislators, a representative from a rural district broke a dessert plate, one of a precious set of Sevres porcelain, fit for a gift to kings, and worth its weight in gold. Seeing the consternation and distress of her guest, Mrs. Bingham at once relieved him by saying to him, with an air of perfect unconcern, "it is of no sort of consequence, for this ware is exceedingly brittle, and breaks very easily." And, by way of illustration, she struck the plate before her with her knife, and broke it in pieces. Then, ordering them to be removed, and fresh ones brought, the worthy man had the whole load of mortification taken from his mind. I forgot whether Mr. Bingham was elected or not. I think not; but I hope that man, at least, voted for him.—*Pipes in Pebbles.*

## TAKING A CENSUS.

Never gave you a history of my census-taking, I believe. Well, I took Jim Walker's place while he was laid up in Chicago, and I had some tough customers, I tell you. I came along one day to a cabin some four or five miles from any neighbors, in answer to my knock, an old woman about forty came to the door.

"How d'ye do? Walk in, folks all gone; take a cheer, were you wantin' to see my old man?"

"No, madam," said I, after accepting her invitation, "I am taking the census."

"The who?" said she.

"The census of the people, the——"

"Oh, ho! well, you won't find much sense in the people about here, the never'n ager's shook it all out on 'em."

I proceeded to explain.

"Dear sirs, I thought you might be a magnanimous man or a frenziedger."

I proceeded to get her husband's name and age, also the children; but when I asked her age, she came down on me flat; I smothered it over, however, and let it go. Rising, I said:

"Is there any one else in your family?"

"There's Aunt Sally, but you don't want her name, do you?"

"Certainly, ma'am," I replied, and proceeded to take it at once.

"Then there's Jerry, but he's enamored gin out this fall. I don't think the poor fellow'll last to another spring."

"Jerry—what is his other name?"

"Oh, he hasn't got no other name; we never call him nothing else."

"How old is he?"

"Why, let me see: fifteen, twenty, twenty-six—must be hard on to thirty!"

"An old man at thirty?"

"Old man! Who's talking about old man?"

The telling you 'bout the old horse."

Perhaps I didn't pick up my hat; perhaps I didn't take a very hasty leave; well, perhaps not."

JEVNAHL PASSIVITY.—A little child of this city, who is acknowledged by all to be pretty smart, was holding a very animated conversation with one of about his own years, a few days since. A portion of it was overheard, and it appeared to be a dialogue as to what their "mothers could do." After naming over various meritorious acts of which their maternals were capable, the one in question put an end to the dispute by exclaiming: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

## "NO GREAT HAND FOR ANGELS."

Last Monday an old lady entered a well known book store, and inquired for a "Treatise on Angels." She made the inquiry of a boy, and was told they hadn't got no such book." This remark caught the ear of the principal salesman, and as he always sells something to everybody who enters the store, he stepped forward and addressed the old lady:

"We're just out of the book you're in search of, ma'am, but we've got Fox's Book of Martyrs, crammed full of pictures—splendid book for a present."

"In sales, don't tell!" exclaimed the customer, examining the book: "why, here's a pictur of a chap drinkin' pissen, and here's a lot of men assasin' a poor feller's head off!"

"That gentleman, there, ma'am," explained the salesman, elucidating the picture, "is talk a melted lead angreas; and the other individual is about to be perforated in the intestines with a patent manure fork. I guess you'd like it better than a work on angels."

"Well, now, that ere's a better book, I guess, than anything else. What mought the price on it be?"

"Twenty shillings, ma'am; very cheap book, that."

"Well, dew it up. My darter's just got married, and I calkerlate to make her a present. She wanted sumthin' about angels, but I never was great hand for angels, now."

The sale completed, and the customer gone, the principal called up the boy.

"Sonny," said he, "see here: when you're asked for a thing which you haven't got, always show the nearest article like it that you have."

The urchin looked reflective, and was about to ask the resemblance between "Lives of the Angels" and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," but he didn't.—N. Y. *Piquante.*

ONE OF THE BROKERS.—The greatest feats at shoving used to be performed by one of the Buffalo brokers. He used to rake down the whole bill, and make one hundred per cent clear profit on the transaction. The way he did it was this:

He kept an exchange office near the canal basin, and had a lot of counterfeits stuck up on the wall behind the counter, with "Counterfeit Bills" in great black letters over them—while on the counter stood a box of wafers.

A canaller would rush into the office and ask for change for a bill. Old Specie would take the bill very blandly, put on his spectacles and give a look at it. The moment he did so, an indignant look he would putify his astonished customer; and in grim silence, still keeping his eye on the canaller, he would feel for the wafer box—stick a couple of wafers on the back of the bill—turn around and fasten it among the counterfeits with an indignant jam—then, turning, he would open his mouth, and assail the wretched culprit in the manner following, to wit: "You miserable scoundrel! what do you mean by offering me a bad bill? If there's an officer in sight I'll have you arrested!"

With which address he would make as if he would sail from behind the counter, whereupon the canaller would incontinently flee for his life—and the old gentleman would sweep the bill into his money drawer, and "rest from his labors."

## THE CHESS-BOARD.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

My little love, do you remember,  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise.

Those evenings in the bleak December,  
Curtain'd d' warm from the snowy weather,

When you and I played chess together,  
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ab, still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.

Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand  
The double Castle guard the wings.

The Bishop bent on distant things,  
Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch—our glances meet;

And faster, falls your golden hair!

Against my cheek, your bosom sweet

Is heaving—Down the field, your Queen

Rides slow her soldiers all between,

And checks me unaware.

Ab, me! the little battle's done,

Dispersion is all its chivalry;

Full many a move since then, have we

Mid life's perplexing chequers made,

And many a game with Fortune played—

What is it we have won?

This, this at least—if this alone—

That never, never, never more,

In those old still nights of yore,

Ere we were grown so sadly wise!

Can you and I shut out the skies,

Shut out the world, and winter's weather,

And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,

Play chess, as then we played together?

What is it we have won?

This, this at least—if this alone—

That never, never, never more,

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